

Crashing Waves by nerdsarehot75

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Summary:

Lonnie doesn't want to understand that Joyce has moved on, so Hopper takes it into his own hands. It goes as well as can be expected.

Crashing Waves

Joyce moaned at the mouth sucking at her neck, her fingers twisted in the hair. One hand was rubbing her clit while the other was rolling a nipple between thumb and forefinger. She arched back, pushing her body closer to her partner's.

The water from the shower was long forgotten and the five minutes had turned into twenty. Hopper had promised to keep his hands to himself but as always had failed the moment her pale skin had been exposed to him. She'd tried to protest but it had quickly been stifled by lips and teeth and tongue.

He bit down on her neck and she threw her head back in another moan. He kissed up the column of her neck, teeth scraping against sensitive skin. He nibbled on her earlobe and she groaned, tightening her hold on him.

"Come for me," he breathed into her ear.

Pleasure ripped through her small frame and she cried out at the force of it. She was left trembling in his arms, held up by his strength. He brushed one hand through her hair, the other pressing her into him. She could feel his erection pressed between their two bodies.

As she caught her breath she reached between them and stroked his length. His eyes closed and he bit his lip, a look of anguish on his face. She did it again and he hissed, clutching her tighter. Once more and he'd lifted her up, her legs wrapping around them.

Her back hit the cold tiles of the wall with a thud. He growled into her neck, biting down on her shoulder as her wet heat pressed against him. Her nails scraped along his back, silently begging him for more. She arched against him, her breasts pressing into his chest. She mewled under his touch, his calloused hands pressing against the skin of her ass. She ground against him, desperate for friction. He pulled her into a kiss, sloppy, full of tongue and teeth and she gripped his hair, tugging on it.

He positioned himself at her entrance and thrust in, groaning at the feeling of her tight heat encasing him. She met him thrust for thrust, her body thrumming against his. She licked along his neck and his thrusting increased in speed, turning erratic.

He slid one hand between them, stimulating her clip. Her whimpers filled the tiny shower until she came undone under his touch. He thrust into her a few more times until he joined her over the edge,

shuddering as his seed spilled into her.

They stayed like that, her wrapped around him, panting. The water had long turned cold and they were undoubtedly running late. It was a miracle no one had banged the door down looking for them.

"Fuck, Joyce," Hopper groaned as he set her down. She was unsteady on her feet, her breathing still not under control.

Hopper turned the water off and they were left staring at one another, no white noise to fill the silence. He grabbed the towel she'd left out and gently wrapped her in it. She dried herself off and climbed into her clothes, ignoring the heated looks Hopper was sending her way.

"If we hurry Jonathan may still be willing to ignore how long we've been," she said, watching him watch her. He stepped towards her, predatory, and she took a step back.

"Or, we could stay here. The bed hasn't been taken away," he said, backing her against the sink. His arms caged her in and she looked up at him, smirking.

"I think you've had enough fun for one morning." She quirked an eyebrow at him.

"I don't think I'll have ever had enough fun." He kissed her, nibbling on her bottom lip. She pushed him away and left the bathroom, ignoring his pouting face.

"The new owners will be here tomorrow. I really don't think you want to explain to them why you haven't left yet," she called over her shoulder. She could hear him laugh in the bathroom and tried to ignore the image of him dressing.

They loaded up the last of the boxes and drove back to the Byers' house. Sitting on the front porch step was a figure, hunched over. Joyce pulled up beside their car. The figure stood as their doors slammed closed and Joyce realised it was Lonnie.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. The door opened behind him and Jonathan jogged down the steps.

"He wouldn't leave without seeing you," he said.

"What do you want?" Hopper growled, taking a step towards Joyce.

"Can't a man want to see his family?" Lonnie asked, spreading his hands. "Babe, I came to see you."

Joyce drew back from him, her back hitting Hopper's chest. He took a step forward, stretching his hand out to her. Hopper stepped around her, blocking Lonnie's access.

"I see you still have your guard dog," Lonnie sneered. Joyce pushed

Hopper to the side so she could see her ex-husband.

"I don't need him to guard me. Or are you forgetting last time?" she replied. She ignored his reaching hands and brushed past him, ushering Jonathan back up the steps. She heard Hopper following behind, his footsteps loud on the wood.

"Babe, come on, let me in and we can talk," he called after her. She shut the door on him.

They could hear Lonnie banging on the closed door for a few minutes, and then the sound of an engine leaving. Joyce let out a long breath she hadn't realised she'd been holding and Hopper rubbed her arm. She lent back on him and accepted the plate of eggs from Jonathan.

"Are we still going to the movies today?" Will asked, emerging from his room, still sleep rumpled.

"Sure," Joyce said, ruffling his hair. He sat at the table, digging into his own plate of eggs. Jonathan was watching out the window, his body tense, much as Hopper's was from where it leaned on the back of Joyce's chair.

While Will was showering Hopper unloaded the boxes from the car, leaving them in the living room to be unpacked later. They piled into the car and drove into town, meeting up with Will's friends outside the cinema. Joyce and Hopper went up to buy the tickets, noticing Nancy and Steve entering from the corner of their eyes. They shared a smile.

The boys ran to the candy counter, combining all their money to see what they could afford. Steve sauntered over to Jonathan, Nancy following behind. Hopper and Joyce stood to one side, trying to not to intrude on either of the boys.

They slipped the tickets to them and entered the theatre, taking seats at the back so as to not interrupt the kids. Hopper rested his arm around her shoulders, pulling her into his chest.

"You know what they say about the back row?" he whispered to her. She giggled and hit his chest. He kissed her temple and settled back in the seat, watching other people filter into the chairs in front of them.

The ads begun to run as the boys hurried in, their hands and pockets overflowing with sweets and popcorn. They sat in the centre, whispering among themselves. The teenagers were off to the side, silent.

The emerged back out into the sunlight a couple of hours later, blinking at the brightness. Jonathan waved to Nancy and Steve as they left, arm in arm, sad eyes following their progress. The boys were talking over one another in their excitement as they rushed up. The walked out onto the street.

Lonnie was sitting on the hood of their car, a beer in one hand, a smoke in the other. Hopper could feel Joyce tense up and watched as Jonathan clenched his fists. Will stopped dead, his friends realising after a few steps.

"Hey, babe," Lonnie called, waving at Joyce. Hopper tightened his arm around her waist and he could feel her fingers clench around his shirt.

"Lonnie," she said, a warning in her voice.

"Having a family outing?" he asked, hopping off the car. "Why didn't you invite me?"

"You're not family," she ground out.

"They're my kids," he retorted before taking a swig of the beer.

"You sure don't act like it," Jonathan said, stepping forward. Lonnie glanced over at him, his eyes then wandering over to Will. "It's good to see you Bud."

"Why didn't you come see him afterwards in the hospital?" Hopper asked.

"I wasn't sure Joyce would be too happy to see me," he replied, his grin lazy.

"Damn right and I'm not happy to see you now, either," she snapped.

"Come on, Babe. You don't mean that." His smile was meant to be winning but look more like he was leering at her.

"I think she does," Jonathan warned, stepping up beside her.

"How about we talk, just the two of us, without your guard dog around? It'll be fun, just like the old days," he assured, his hand reaching out to take her's.

"How about no," Hopper said, pulling her out of the way.

"Call me tonight. We'll set something up," he called after them as they all got in the car.

He waved them off as they careened out onto the street and back home. Joyce slammed the door behind her, letting out a sharp breath. They boys disappeared into their rooms. Hopper could hear her frustration in the banging from the kitchen. He wasn't much calmer either,

He felt a tsunami rising up, threatening to crash down any second

and wipe everything out. Lonnie always had made him feel that, especially after Joyce had chosen him. Everything was mixed up and at the centre, always Lonnie. He wasn't ready to let go even one inch of the perfect life he'd created with Joyce and the boys. Not one god damn inch.

The next day Hopper was waiting in his truck for Joyce's shift to end. It had been sunny, lifting both their spirits. Privately, they were both hoping it was a sign Lonnie had left town again with his tail between his legs.

Joyce slid into the the passenger seat and slammed the door closed. She growled before covering her face with her hands and letting out a frustrated scream. Hopper patted her back, rubbing calming circles into it. She screamed again, ignoring the looks from passers by.

"That fucking dick," she yelled.

"Joyce, what happened?" he asked. His rubbing had slowed down, almost to a full stop without his having noticed it.

"Lonnie came into the fucking store today. He refused to leave. He followed me on my fucking lunch break and tried to convince me to go to dinner with him. I told him I'd moved on and he fucking ignored me, said he'd be back tomorrow," she ground out before screaming again.

"Hey, we'll deal with him." Hopper's voice may have been calm but inside everything was churning.

"Just... take me home," she requested, leaning her head on his shoulder as if all the fight had drained out of her.

He drove them home and poured her a large glass of wine. She settled on the couch, Will drawing at the coffee table in front of her. Hopper sat beside her, a can of beer in his hand, the tv remote in the other. He turned it onto something inane, something that would easily take Joyce's mind off Lonnie. She curled into his side and he kissed her forehead. The bastard was going to pay.

Hopper found Lonnie at the bar. He'd kissed Joyce goodbye and had driven there after checking in at the station. Lonnie was sitting, nursing a beer, chatting with the bartender. Hopper slid into the stool beside him, waving off the man.

"Here's how this is going to work; you're going to leave town, you're going to leave Joyce and the boys alone, you're only going to contact them if they reach out first," he said, taking Lonnie's beer and

moving it away.

"Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?" Lonnie asked, reaching for his beer.

"You're going to get up and leave now and if I see your face here again or heard that you've been annoying Joyce I'm going to make you regret even thinking about her," he said.

"What the fuck is your problem?" Lonnie asked, standing up.

"My problem is you. Now get the fuck out of here." Hopper stood up as well, towering over Lonnie. He pushed him in the chest, making him take a step back. "Do you understand me?"

Lonnie grumbled something and Hopper turned away, leaving the bar for the morning sunlight outside. He'd almost made it to his car when he heard the shout behind him. He turned, barely missing the punch Lonnie had thrown. He ducked again when another fist tried to bury itself in his face.

"Attempted assault on a police officer. I could arrest you for that," he informed him. "Try it again."

Lonnie swung out and Hopper moved up to block him, hitting him in the stomach with his own fist. He doubled over, gasping for breath. Hopper waited until he straightened up before smashing his fist into his nose. Blood spurted out, dripping onto his shirt, staining it. Lonnie growled and ran for him, tackling him to the ground.

A single punch met the side of his head before Hopper punched him in the eye, then the mouth. Lonnie yowled. Hopper flipped them over and punched again. He ignored the hands gripping his shirt, trying to find purchase to gain the upper hand. He knelt above him and punched, the anger of many decades finally bubbling to the surface.

Once Lonnie was just lying there and taking it he stood up, kicking him in the ribs and the stomach, revelling in every groan he got. He picked Lonnie up by the lapels of his jacket and walked him back over to his car, sitting him leaning against it.

"If you so much as think of Joyce and her boys I will do much worse to you," he whispered into Lonnie's ear, leaving him against the wheel. He hopped back into his truck and took off, not bothering to look back at the shit stain of a human being he'd left behind.

Hopper was waiting outside the store, watching the people pass by. When he'd gotten back to work he'd ignored Flo's fussing over him and the questions about the state of him. He'd locked himself in his office, not bothering to emerge for lunch. He'd left, ignoring the

whispering behind him, trying not to think about the rumours that would be going around tomorrow.

Joyce slid into the truck, more subdued than yesterday. Hopper smiled at her and started the engine. She was looking down at her twisting hands in her lap, her eyebrows scrunched together in consternation.

"Is everything okay?" he asked, turning onto the street.

"Lonnie came back agains today," she said. His fingers tightening.

"Oh?" he asked, faking calm.

"He was pretty badly hurt," she said, refusing to look up.

"What happened?" he asked.

"He said you beat you up. He thought he should warn me about you," she said. She looked over and noticed his bruised knuckles and the bruise forming on his head. "Jesus, Hop, what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking I had to protect you, I had to make him listen," he replied.

"I don't need you to protect me," she snapped.

"You think I don't know that?" he asked.

"We're not teenagers anymore. He was talking about going to the police," she said, her voice rising.

"He swung first. Do you think anyone's going to listen to him? After everything he's done?" he asked.

"Jesus Christ, Hop, I could have taken care of it," she said.

"I know but you don't have to." He hit his hands on the wheel.

"What?" she asked, momentarily stunned.

"You're not in this alone anymore, Joyce. I was just trying to help. That's what you do when you love someone," he said. She blinked at him before laying her hand on his leg.

"Have you put ice on that?" she asked. He shook his head. "Then that's the first thing we'll do."

He pulled up outside the house. She stopped him from climbing out, taking his bruised hand in her's and kissing his knuckles. His face softened and he smiled at her, drawing her in for a kiss. She kissed back, her nails scratching along his skin.

"Do you think he'll come back?" she asked once she'd pulled away.

"Maybe but this time we'll set you on him. Then he certainly won't," he replied. She chuckled and hit his chest.

"Come on, you really should put ice on that."

He followed her out of the car, smiling. This time would be different. This time Lonnie wouldn't win. Joyce and he were fighting on the

same side now, and that would make all the difference.